THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND. "PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND." TERMS—$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Jackson on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry on the third Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.

GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday in March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

MOTHERHOOD.

BY S. K. PHILIPS.

"Her lot is on you"—woman's lot she meant,
The singer who sang sweetly long ago;
And rose and yew and tender myrtle blent,
To crown the harp that rang to love and woe.
Awake, O poetess, and vow one strain
To sing of motherhood, its joy, its pain.

What does it give to us, this mother love—
In verse and tale and legend glorified,
Chosen by lips divine as type above
All other passions? Men have lived and died,
For sisters, Maiden queens, and cherished wives,
Yet, sealed by God, the one chief love survives.

Yet what is it it gives us! Shrinking dread,
Peril, and pain, and agony forgot,
Because we hold the ray of gladness shed,
By the first cry from lips that know us not,
Worth all that has been paid, is yet to pay,
For the new worship, born and crowned that day,

Then nursing, teaching, training, self-denial,
That never knows itself, so deep it lies,
The eager taking up of every trial,
To smooth Spring's pathway, light her April skies;
Watching and guiding, loving, longing praying,
No coldness daunting, and no wrong dismaying.

And when the lovely bud to blossom wakes,
And when the shy dawn-star flashes bright,
Another hand the perfect flower takes,
Another wins the gladness of the light;
A soft, sweet, clinging, fond farewell is given,
Still a farewell, and then alone with heaven.

With Heaven! Will he take the tired heart,
The God who gave the child and formed the mother,
Who sees her strive to play her destined part,
And smiling yield her darling to another?
Ay, on his cross he thought of Mary's woe;
He pities still the mothers left below.

The Fireside.

NO!

"No!"

Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the playground of the village school, "It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new-comer here—an orphan, who lives with his uncle about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarest-dressed scholar in school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to to see Ned, come, this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say no, I mean it."

"Well, any way, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, to begin with. And you're the one's to blame it there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute!"

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell!

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the temper has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes," is a sweet and often a loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair, young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

FORTUNE'S CHILDREN.

BY THEODORA R. JENNES.

"So many homes up yonder and not one of them for us. Was that what grandma meant when she said we'd be Fortune's children? It doesn't seem as though God meant it to be so. Do you know, Prissy, I peeped in through the bridge-house window while you were talking to the tollmen and saw lots of twisted doughnuts heaped up on a plate before one little boy! Oh, it made me feel so hungry!"

"Hush, Violet, hush. You know we promised each other we'd be very brave. I'm sure we'll find the Home when morning comes if the tollman will only let us pass without the pennies. Here, darling are some bits of bread and cheese I saved for a surprise in case you should be very hungry."

The smaller of the wee ones sitting in the gloaming near the end of the long toll-bridge, seized the offered bits with eager hands; but after looking at them wistfully she divided them and laid the larger share into her sister's lap."

"Poor, dear Prissy, you're hungrier than I, for you've been going without all day for me. Yes, you *shall* eat them," she insisted, seeing that Prissy was about to give them back a second time.

Making another division, Prissy kept but a small share for herself, and Violet reluctantly received the rest. When the crumbs were eaten the sisters nestled closer to each other, listening to the water sweeping down beneath the bridge, making noisy whirlpools round the wooden piers.

"Prissy," said Violet, in a low, awed tone, "it would be dreadful if we should have to stay here all night. When the lights up in the town are out, and there's nothing but the sky and water, and the queer, frightening noises one always hears out in the dark, then I know you'd be afraid."

"No, dear," Prissy answered. I should be a little lonesome, but not afraid. It's such a soft, still, pretty night, and God's stars are watching us up in the sky. See, Violet, that great, warm prairie fire burning over yonder. Let's play 'tis ours, for company, and that we have kindled it to cook a splendid dinner, to which all the grand folks in the country are invited. We'll bake cakes as big as haystacks and have whole herds of roasted deer."

"Oh, yes," cried Violet, with delight, "only the deer must like to be roasted; for 'twould be a shame to kill them it they wanted to live. And I'd rather have all the hungry folks at our dinner, 'cause the grand ones can get enough to eat if they don't come."

While the little waifs were indulging in these cheering fancies, such as childhood can always summon at its bidding, a pair of horses, drawing a light wagon, came across the bridge, approaching very near the spot were Violet and Prissy sat. Surprised and startled the children sprang up, giving the horses a fright. They began to rear and plunge, and in her efforts to escape Violet fell beneath the horses' feet.

"Whoa, Jess!" shouted a deep voice, while a pair of strong hands pulled the reins, checking the horses promptly.

With a cry of terror Prissy sprang before the trembling animals, and, snatching Violet, carried her aside, bending over her in great distress.

"Bless me! what have we done?" exclaimed a man, jumping from the wagon.

"Oh, Violet's killed!" moaned Prissy, seeing that the little face, upturned in the starlight, wore a deathly pallor.

"No—spare us," said the man, raising Violet quickly in his arms. "Heaven be praised! she's opening her eyes. Little lass, are you much hurt?"

The kind anxious voice acted like a charm toward restoring Violet. Lifting her head from off the great rough breast she murmured weakly, "No, only dreadful scared and faint. Is sister safe?"

"Yes, kitten, she is safe; but 'tis a wonder," said the man, while Prissy sobbed with thankfulness. "Jess and Jean are faithful beasts, but you can't blame them for scaring when two spirits like you spring up in their path. How come you out here in the dark, my little friends?"

"Please, sir," said Prissy, we are Fortune's children. We lived in Mayville until grandma died, and then we hadn't any place to stay. We heard there was a Home up here for friendless children, so we came to find it. A kind farmer let us ride as he was coming, and we walked the rest of the way. The tollman said there wasn't any Home, and told us to go back and ask if we might stay till morning at one of the houses over there; but we didn't like to, so we sat down here to rest."

That was the story, but the pathos quivering through the childish voice cannot be written here.

"Poor little babies!" exclaimed the man when she had finished. "A pretty pass for two tender infants to be roaming the wide world alone. There is a home, and you shall find it ere the stars do set. Jump up, birdlings, into this soft nest of hay, and I will take you there as fast as Jess and Jean can travel."

Laying Violet down tenderly upon a bunch of fragrant hay behind the wagon seat, he lifted Prissy up beside her, covering them snugly with a blanket. Then, climbing to the seat himself, he chirrupped his horses into a brisk trot.

Neither Prissy nor Violet had fairly seen his face in the uncertain starlight, but they would as easily have doubted the sincerity of a guardian angel as of this kind-spoken man. They saw that they were being born in a direction opposite to where they had expected to find the home, but a delicious sense of warmth and rest lulled them to sleep, almost before they had ceased to hear the whirlpools lapping round the wooden piers.

Locked in each other's arms the little wayfarers slumbered sweetly on, while they were carried far, far out beyond the prairie fire that lighted the horizon with its rosy glow.

At length they awoke, to find themselves before a cottage in whose window a light was burning brightly, and in whose doorway appeared a little woman with a cap of snowy white upon her head.

"Well, mother Marie, we have come," announced the man.

"And none so welcome," was the little woman's answer. "Why, bless me, who have you there?" she added, seeing two small faces peeping shyly from the wagon.

"Two sparrows, love, whom God did not let fall on the ground without his notice.

Prissy and Violet were led into the house, where the good man told their story to his wife, who, long ere he had finished, was moistening the "sparrows" heads with tears. Seizing Violet, she clasped her in her arms, exclaiming:

"Oh, my little lost Blanchette! my little lost Blanchette!"

Violet understood the sorrow of the tone, but scarcely the meaning of the words. Laying her head on mother Marie's shoulder she inquired softly:

"Did Blanchette stray away and lose herself, so far that you could never find her?"

"No, petite, she died before the cocoons were spun last year. She had golden hair like yours, and blue eyes, the color of the summer skies. Oh, my little lost Blanchette!"

Sobbing and rocking Violet, mother Marie eased her heart, and then began to make brisk preparations for the children's comfort. Supper was placed before them, which they ate with relish, sitting on either side of the good man, who helped them bountifully to mugs of milk and slices of wondrously white bread.

"We will take care of them, and they can help the other children pick the leaves and feed the worms," he said to mother Marie when they had finished supper.

Prissy and Violet wondered much what he could mean, but said nothing till they were tucked away in bed under the cottage eaves. Then Violet whispered:

"He talked about the 'other children,' do you suppose he brought us to a real Home, after all?"

"I don't know," said Prissy, greatly puzzled. "There are no more children in this house I am sure. 'Tis such a tiny one that we should see them if there were."

"What does he mean by feeding worms?" still questioned Violet.

"I'm sure I can't imagine. It would be the funniest kind of work. Worms can generally feed themselves and eat up all before them," responded Prissy. "Oh, Violet! did you hear him talk about the sparrows? 'One of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.' Grandma told us that when she said we'd be Fortune's children, but if we trusted in God we would be fed and taken care of."

Early in the morning Prissy and Violet were awakened by a lively chattering below their chamber window. Jumping out of bed, they saw a troop of children with baskets in their hands, coming from a long, low building between the cottage and a group of houses whose gabled roofs gave them a quaint foreign aspect.

Scattering through the grove of young, thrifty trees growing all about the little settlement, the children began to fill their baskets with the leaves. The taller boys and girls stood on the ground, pulling down the branches, while the smaller climbed the tress, looking like chattering blackbirds perched among the leafy boughs.

"How they do talk! but I can't understand a word they say," said Violet, listening attentively.

"And what queer little hats and dresses they have on. I don't believe they're the same sort of people that we are," observed Prissy, watching them with curious interest.

"No, dears," explained mother Marie, entering the chamber; "they are French children, lately come across the sea. They haven't learn to speak English, as could my little Blanchette, who came over when a baby. This is a French colony, and we raise silkworms, that spins cocoons from which bright ribbons are made, and pretty silk and velvet dresses."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Prissy. "It sounds like a fairy tale, but it must be really true."

"Yes, it is true," responded mother Marie, pleased at the little girl's delight. "There are multitudes of baby worms in there," pointing to the long, low building, "that must be fed six times a day on mulberry leaves. The children attend to the worms, while the older people work upon the farm. So you see there is enough for willing hands to do."

It was, indeed, precisely like a fairy tale. Prissy and Violet were cared for by the good man and his wife, who were the leading spirits in the colony. And in return they cheerfully performed the easy task allotted them by their kind benefactors. They found the French children to be bright and lovable, and soon grew accustomed to their foreign speech and ways. They were very happy through the soft spring weather, gathering leaves and feeding the hungry worms that grew and changed with marvelous rapidity, until they begin to spin their cocoons among the green boughs set up for a heath.

"We'll have a wondrous merry-making when the butterflies are paired," said mother Marie as the little girls stood looking at the golden prison into which the worms had locked themselves by magic spinning.

The finest cocoons were strung in chahlets, that seed for the coming year might be obtained. When the butterflies had all emerged from these the children crowned a cocoon queen.

Violet sat upon the throne, dressed in silk which mother Marie's grandfather spun with his own hands in France. Prissy placed upon her head a golden chaplet, and wound about her strings of shining pearl and emerald cocoons. The children danced around her, paying homage to their queen, and singing in their silvery language something that she did not understand; but for all that it sounded very sweet and jubilant. Then there was a feast, at which her tiny majesty presided with grace and dignity. And wasn't that a lovely time for Fortune's Children!

FASHION NOTES.

White gloves are worn only at balls.

The bouquet embroidered gloves are novel.

Cameos are decidedly fashionable in jewelry.

Cardinal capes are among the new spring wraps.

Silver and mouse-gray shades prevail in kid gloves.

Pretty new fans are of rustic bamboo, hand painted.

Black and beige colors will be much used in parasols.

Butterflies are among the new ornaments for spring hats.

The street hat should be dark, and to a certain extent plain.

Dresses are trimmed of double pipings of contrasting colors.

Lovely spring prints are selling as low as four cents a yard.

Plaited skirts have deep yokes, which give a splendid appearance.

Basques, entirely covered with flowers, are in vogue for evening toilets.

Cream color and greenish-gray are the popular tints in linen dress goods.

Misses' parasols are of small size in the disigns and color used for ladies.

All straw hats and bonnets are principally restricted to the dark colors.

Byron collars and cuffs in guipure lace, for the ladies, are among the latest.

Yokes and plaited and gathered waists are very becoming to tall, slender women.

The old color, "ashes of roses," so long out of fashion, will be revived this summer.

Handsome evening dresses are made of plush grenadine in solid colors of light hues.

One of the novelties for summer dresses is crape-batiste, a thin linen fabric crinkled like crape.

Colored embroideries appear on many of the handsomest sets of wide collars and deep cuffs.

Scarfs of crepe lisse, with the ends embroidered in silks or Oriental colors, are pretty novelties.

Flowers should be worn mostly on the left side of ball dresses, as the escort walks on the right.

There is a decided change in the shape of the parasols this season from those of last summer.

The shaded blue Madras ginghams are very popular, but great care is required in washing them.

Very fine colored embroideries are seen on many of the newest styles of pocket handkerchiefs.

Many of our store windows, with their beautiful spring goods and novelties, are as pretty as pictures.

Parasols and sunshades differ in shape from those of last year, being bell-shaped instead of canopied.

Organdies, with plain tinted grounds and flowers, and borders of fern leaves, grasses, etc., will be much worn.

The jauntiest of spring wraps is a coat that fastens over the chest with one button and shows a waistcoat below.

It is above all things out of place to wear a gray bonnet in the street, or one strikingly in contrast with the rest of the toilet.

Dressy costumes for watering places are made of damask silk of light quality, combined with plain silk of a contrasting color.

It will be fashionable to sew the new style large collars and cuffs of white lace on the dark silk dresses that will be worn this summer.

Dull, unpolished ebony handles, quite massive, with a bar at the end, or a hook inlaid with pearl or ivory, are the most stylish for parasols.

Black parasols lined with white or cream color, or cardinal red, are the newest. They are finished with whalebone fringe, and are very handsome.

Gold embroidery, in fringes, tassels, lace, balloons, passementeries, in everything, in fact, is worn in Paris, both in the morning and evening.

The Scotch and Madras ginghams, which make charmingly cool and fresh-looking dresses, will be trimmed in Russia laces in colors to match the dress.

What Smoking Does for Boys.

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to enquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them; in twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucuous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were restored. Now this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given under the authority of the British Medical Journal.

Ashes scattered around fruit trees and lightly worked into the soil, will produce a remarkably beneficial effect. Potash is an important element in fruit of all kinds and can easily be applied in the form of ashes. These, therefore, should, on no account, be wasted. We know a farmer who would save every stick he could find in the forest, roadside, riverbank and elsewhere, in order to make ashes for his orange trees. He was well repaid for his trouble.

Bald headed men who go courting should not put the candle on the mantel. The reflection on their heads might dazzle the eyes of the ladies on the other side of the street.

A squaw has gone upon the stage. She wears false hair like a white lady. She is a switch injun.—*N. Y. Herald.* And when she is on the stage the audience see the injun-near.—*Norristown Herald.*